

Z3G-478
UNIVERSAL STAGE.

Price 15 Cents.

A COMRADE'S LUCK,
OR
THE STOLEN WILL.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

✓
BY J. E. GILLESPIE.

KEARNEY, NEB.:
NONPAREIL PRINT,
WYOMING AVENUE.
1881.



A COMRADE'S LUCK,

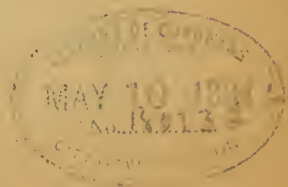
OR

THE STOLEN WILL.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

34
BY J. E. GILLESPIE.

KEARNEY, NEB.:
B. H. GOULDING,
WYOMING AVENUE.
1881.



PS 635
29.5-78

A COMRADE'S LUCK, OR THE STOLEN WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUGH CRAVEN, a Designing Lawyer.
JOHN DALGREN, a Patriotic Farmer.
EDWIN GREY, Rival of Craven.
MICKEY McGEE, The Widow's Victim.
DENNIS O'GRADY, A Veteran.
JOHN JOHNSON, A High Private.
OTTO SCHWARTZ, A Dutch Recruit.
OFFICER OF THE DAY, Captain of 40th Regulars.
ROBERT DUNBAR, A Guerrilla Chief.
REBEL LIEUTENANT, Aide to Dunbar.
HENRY WIRTZ, The Prison Fiend.
MINISTER.
CAESAR, A Contraband.
MRS. DALGREN, Widow of John Dalgren.
ETHEL DALGREN, Her Daughter.
WIDOW MALONY, An Irish Landlady.
LENORE WOODFORD, A Planter's Daughter.
Union Soldiers. Rebel Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1880,
BY J. E. GILLESPIE.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENES IN INDIANA, TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.

ACT I. A lawyer's plot for office and fortune. Filling up the ranks. Preserve the Union, or perish with it.

ACT II. Camp life. The policy of '62. The bone of contention. The strategy of chess and war. The compact of blood. The bold escape. Battle for the flag. The deadly ambushade.

ACT III. The horrors of Andersonville. Wirtz, the Prison Fiend. Close quarters. The Prisoners' friend. Blood bounds on the trail.

ACT IV. The mortgaged homestead. The warning vision. The reluctant bride. Saved at the altar.

ACT V. The Traitor's Doom. The dowerless widow. The unexpected wedding gift.

Costumes—Modern and appropriate.

NOTE.—For right of representation on the public stage, address
J. E. Gillespie, Kearney, Nebraska.

TMP92-009234

A COMRADE'S LUCK,

OR

THE STOLEN WILL.

ACT 1. SCENE 1—*A law office in Vallonia.*

CRAVEN (*solus reading a letter.*) Chancery court two years behind and the heirs at law waiting for a decree. Well, let 'em wait. Meanwhile, that purloined parchment, the golden key to Ethel Dalgren's fortune, is in my hands, and I've time enough to marry the girl, unearth the missing will and claim our estate. This letter alone contains no clue, but in connection with certain facts might hereafter prove a strong link in the chain of circumstantial evidence. (*Strikes match and burning letter lights a cigar.*) Heiress of half a million and ignorant of her claim. By Jove, I adore the girl; she is ravishingly beautiful, and her fortune would fit me exactly. (*A knock at the door.*) Come in. (*Enter John Dalgren c.d.*) Ah! Mr. Dalgren; (*they shake hands*) be seated. How goes the harvest at West Farm?

DALGREN. Well, thank you; quite well. We have had bountiful crops and sold our surplus at war prices. If this murdering business keeps up, our farmers will all have their hands full of Uncle Sam's money.

CRAVEN. It will take your handsfull to buy a breakfast. Our currency must depreciate more and more as the war continues.

DALGREN. But the war ought to be finished and laid by this year.

CRAVEN. Ought to be, but won't be. We are beaten for lack of generalship. The rebels killed five thousand of our boys at this late battle of Fair Oaks.

DALGREN. Then our country needs more volunteers, and you and I, Lawyer Craven, ought to be ashamed that we have shirked duty so long. Our neighbors have been talking the matter over, and as the cropping season is now

off hands, they intend to enlist and help clean out the rebels. We meet this evening on the village common to enroll volunteers, and expect to organize a full company.

CRAVEN. You, I presume, will command the company?

DALGREN. By no means. I have no desire for office. I have thought, however, of giving my influence to young Grey. He, I think, would make us a good officer.

CRAVEN (*aside*.) The deuce! I must block that game somehow. (*Aloud*—No doubt of Grey—none whatever. I've half a mind to go with you myself. If I must be a soldier, I want to pick my company, and I know none I would sooner go with than the Vallonia boys.

DALGREN. Then be at the rally this evening.

CRAVEN. If I can.

DALGREN. We shall expect you, and now I will not detain you longer from business, but as I am to meet several of your friends this afternoon, let me say to them that you are going to enlist in our company?

CRAVEN. Say what you will for me, and success attend you. (*Exit Dalgren c. d.*) If that fellow Grey takes command of this company, goes to the front and covers himself with glory, what sort of chance will I have with Ethel? She loves him even now, and I've heard her say she would never marry a man who had not fought for the Union. Confound the war, it interferes with business. Well, I suppose I'll have to be a soldier, but I must have a commission. That, however, will be easy to obtain, as my brother-in-law is in the war department. All right, I'll take command of that company myself—(*loud knocking at the door*.) Come in. (*Enter excitedly Mickey McGee*.) What can I do for you, sir?

MICKY. Its the heuly bands of wedlock I'm sufferin' from, and av the coort plazes a bit of divorce would be delightful.

CRAVEN. Well, sir, state your case.

MICK. Faix, I can do that same in the twinklin of a bed post. My name, sir, is Michael McGee. I've lived along wid widdy Maloney two years jist, and paid me borrd stidy wake by wake. Well, she married me last night fernenst me will. D'ye moind that now?

CRAVEN. Against your will. Why, how could that be?

MICK. Azy enough, yer honor. She put a decate upon

me. Yer honor sees, av the coort plazes, I'm fond of a drop of the craythur once in a while, jist, and the widdy mixes it up for me, d'ye moind. So last night she made it that sthrong I lost the rickelection av meself intirely, an whin I waked up this mornin', be me soul, its out av me own chamber I was, and slaping in a strange bed. "Hillo!" sez I, "Phats the matter? Phere am I? Sure its a faynale apartment, for there's pittycots against the wall." "Hillo!" out loud, sez I, "Widdy Maloney, phats the matter?" Then outside the dhure sez she wid a coaxing voice: "Is it tay coffee, or coffee tay, this mornin, husband dear?" "Phat?" sez I. "Sure, its married we wuz, last evenin', husband dear," sez she. "The divil," sez I, "Mrs. Maloney, phere is my britches?" "It's not Mrs. Maloney now, but Mrs. McGee!" sez she. "Mrs. Maloney!" sez I. "McGee!" sez she. "Go to the divil. Phere is my britches; let me out!" sez I. Well, at last, by the risk av me life, I got me britches and escaped from the place, an its a total divorce I'm wantin as soon as iver ye can make out the papers. (*A furious knocking at the door, Mickey starts up alarmed*). Murther and blazes, there she comes now, bating upon the dhure. Hide me, or I am a corpse intirely—(*tries to hide himself*).

WIDOW MALONEY (*putting her head in at the door*). Have ye seen me husband, sir. Sure it was here I heard the voice of him (*entering*). Phere are ye, Michael, bad scran to yez (*discovers and seizes him*).

MICK. Be off wid yez. Hould on! Let go me ear! Murther and blazes, Widdy Maloney, hould on!

WIDOW M. It's Widdy McGee I'll be in two minutes, ye blatherin spalpene, av ye don't come along panceable. It's for better or worse I took yez, an by that same token I'll not let yez chate an decave me wid loafin whin ye should be at worrik (*exit pushing him out c. d.*)

ACT 1. SCENE 2.—*The village common. A crowd discovered—Craven, Dalgren, Grey, Mickey, O'Grady, Schwartz and others. Music of fife and drum continuing several moments, at pause in music some one in crowd calls for speech.*

SEVERAL VOICES. Grey! Grey! Speech from Grey!

GREY. Excuse me, friends. That honor belongs not to me. Mr. Dalgren should be our speaker.

VOICES. Dalgren! Dalgren! John Dalgren! (*Dalgren is pushed forward*).

DALG. Neighbors and friends: I never made a speech in my life and I can say nothing to interest you; but as this occasion seems to demand a speech, let us have one from Lawyer Craven. He can talk to us if he will. I claim your attention for Mr. Craven.

CROWD. Craven! Craven! (*Craven is pushed forward*).

CRAVEE. Friends and fellow countrymen: I came here to act, not to speak. I have no words to express my sentiments on this occasion. I can only say that I desire to enlist in your company and contribute my all to the defense of the Union. (*Applause*). I have watched with intense interest the struggle now in progress. It is no holiday game, this game of war. Blood is being poured out like water, and thousands of our fellow citizens have offered up their lives to save the Nation's life. Shall we remain at home while brave men seek the battle-field to die in our defense? No! We have tarried too long already. (*A bugle call is heard in the distance*). Hark! The bugle-call of Freedom! Our country calls—we must obey! Write my name down on your list. Better die for the nation than live in dishonor. (*Applause. Grey writes name using drum for table*).

O'GRADY (*stepping forward to Grey*). Write down the name of Dennis O'Grady. My native country was long since ruined by traitors, and from that time to this day her childer have been at the feet of a tyrant. I hate the traitor everywhere, and in this, my adopted country, I'll fight the Southern traitors as long as I've blood in my veins.

MCGEE. And I'll go 'long wid yez, me bhy. It's married fernenst me will I am, and I go to the war for the sakes av pace at home. Divil a wan of them rebels could be equal to the loikes of Widdy Maloney and seven childer to begin life wid.

SCHWARTZ. Make me down Schwartz on dat baper. Der Union is betterish goot as never vas. Der Rebel Confederacy is a humpug und a schwindle. I fights mit Sigel.

JOHNSON. Write down the name of John Johnson.

(*Others come forward and give their names.*)

GREY (*closing book*). Our list is complete, and I

am to announce that the ladies of Vallonia have prepared a banner which they will now formally present to our company. Let some one who can drill the company take charge of it and form us in line to receive this honor. I nominate for that duty the Mexican Veteran, O'Grady.

CROWD. O'Grady! O'Grady! Sergeant O'Grady!

O'GRADY. Fall in men. Be lively! (*He forms company L.*)

(*Enter company of ladies R., Ethel Dalgren at their head bearing a banner.*)

ETHEL. Citizen Soldiers: In answer to the call of honor, you are about to leave your homes to endure hardships and dangers in defense of the the Nation. You may not all return, but those who die for the right will ever be remembered, and the nation they ransom with blood will be ever precious to those who survive. You will take with you this symbol of our Nation's honor, made by the hands of those whose hearts will be with you and whose prayers will follow you in your marches, toils and triumphs. Cherish this emblem of liberty. Defend it with the courage of men and bring it back to us in the days of the great jubilee of peace, when the war shall have ended and the Nation is saved. (*she presents flag to Edwin Grey who receives it and says:*)

GREY. Ladies: The beautiful banner you have made for us shall be defended in honor for the sake of the givers, and the motto embroidered on its silken folds is engraven on the hearts of the company. *Preserve the Union or perish with it!*

O'GRADY. Now boys. Three cheers for the flag and the ladies! Hip! hip! hurrah! (*cheers*).

Song:—Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,

We'll rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We'll rally from the hillsides,

We'll gather from the plains,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Union forever! hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the traitor! up with the star!

While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

END OF ACT 1.

A COMRADE'S LUCK,

ACT 2. SCENE 1.—*A campfire and steaming kettle of beans, c. Stack of arms R. and L. Soldiers grouped and employed variously, smoking, playing cards, etc. Schwartz sitting behind kettle stirring contents with long spoon. Johnson reading a newspaper. Craven in background pacing to and fro.*)

JOHNSON (*folding paper*). The President's proclamation is a fair warning to the rebels, and they have a hundred days to consider it. Let them lay down their arms or loose their slaves.

1ST SOLDIER. I thought we were to fight for the Union, not for the negro. We never intended to interfere with slavery. What right have we to do so?

2ND SOLDIER. But emancipation is not the cause of the war, nor its object. It comes as a military necessity, and as a means of effectually crippling the enemy. I say, therefore, emancipate. The sooner the better, to end the war.

3RD SOLDIER.. O give us a rest on politics, and lets have a joke or a song

SCHWARTZ. Yah, music vas so better as bolitics, und dem beans vas ready booty soon.

JOHNSON. Then let us have the song of the beans. All hands! (*he beats time*) One, two, three, four, sing:

(*Air: SWEET BYE AND BYE.*)

There's a spot that the soldieas all love,

The mess tent 's the place that we mean,

And the dish that we like to see there,

Is the old-fashioned white army bean.

CHORUS:—'Tis the bean, that we mean.

And we'll eat as we ne'er ate before,

The army bean, nice and clean,

We'll stick to our beans evermore.

The German is fond of sauer kraut,

The potato is loved by the Mick,

But the soldiers have long since found ont,

That thro' life to our beans we should stick.

CHORUS:—'Tis the bean, etc. .

[*Refrain.*—AIR: TELL AUNT RHODY.]

Beans for breakfast,

Beans for dinner,

Beans for supper,

Beans, beans, beans,

CRAVEN. Sergeant, it is time for guard mount.

O'GRADY. Fall in, guards. (*Mickey, Johnson and six others take guns. O'Grady drills them briefly in manual of arms. After which he commands: Right face! Forward, march! Exeunt R. E.*)

ACT 2 SCENE 2.—*Tennessee. A chicken coop L., pig pen R., etc., a house in the distance. Enter O'Grady and guard, R. 1st E.*

O'GRADY. Halt! Sentinel number four, you will take your position over this residence of the feathered craythurs and arrist ivery thavin son-of-a-gun that comes midlin round yer bate. (*Johnson takes position as sentinel*). Attention, guards! Forward, march! (*at pig sty*) Halt! Number foive? Phere the divil is number foive. now?

SCHWARTZ. It vas Mickey McGee. He vas proken ranks oud.

O'GRADY. Thin I'll break the head av him and have him courtmartiald besides.

MICK. Sure, Sargint, its not foive I am. Bedads, I thought it was ten. Yez gave us the order whiles back to double up, an I doubled foive up to ten. I forgot the rick-election of meself intirely.

O'GRADY. Your post is here. Ye'll take charge of the pig pen and piously guard the contents of the same.

MICK. Ohone, Sargint, an if the flays ate me up alive ye'll be afther tellin the Widdy Maloney that I died like a man for the sake of me country.

O'GRADY. Have no fear of the flays, man. If one crosses yer bate give him the bayonet. Attention, guard! Forward! March! (*Exeunt O'Grady and guard*).

MICK. Och! Martheration. It's a foine time I'm having all to meself gharding pig pens for the rebels. Swate duty this is onyhow. Hillo, I've got the black shpalpeen. (*claps his thumb on the back of his hand*). Och, but it's hungry ye was. (*rolls thumb over carefully*). Phere the divil are yez? Be the powers of darkness and the light of the moon, its gone skeedadling away like a witch on a bit of a bhrumeshtick. Hillo, number four! Is it ashlape yez are alriddy? Wake up man! Phat haave yez in the cantane?

JOHNSON- Buttermilk.

MICK. And I've phiskey in mine. Buthermilk and phiskey should meet half way. Come off the bate a little, and lets trate aich other. (*they meet and drink*).

JOHNSON. How is it Mickey?

MICK. Illigant. Shure if there's a drink in the world I loike betther than buthermilk it is phiskey, an if there's a drink more illegant than aither, its both together in a quart cup.

JOHNSON. Hist! Here comes some one! Back to your post! (*Enter Craven and Grey, R.*)

MICK. Halt! Who are yez, onyway?

GREY. Captain Craven and guard.

MICK. Advance guard and give the countersign. (*The countersign is given and they pass out of sight, L.*)

JOHNSON. Come this way again, Mickey.

MICK. Wid all the plazure of life, if the baste phat gave the buttermilk is not dhry.

JOHNSON. Plenty left. (*they meet C.*) Give us a toast, Mickey.

MICK. Thin here's to the man phat jist passed, Captain Craven: May company A soon be rid of him and the devil fly off wid the bones av him.

JOHNSON. He's bent on a sparking campaign to-night.

MICK. Yis, an takin long wid him as body ghard a betther man than himself, the lail he chated out of the commission.

JOHNSON. I've lost all confidence in him of late. I believe. Mickey, he would sell us out to the rebels. Look how he hangs around that old traitor, Judge Woodford, and how he makes an exhibition of us to the old rebel's girl. In the name of common sense, did we enlist in the United States Army to be a fancy guard for a popinjay's courtship, or stand sentry over pig pens and chicken coops?

MICK. No! be the powers. I took up arms to retreat in good order from the Widdy Maloney and her seven children. But phat is that comin this way. Halt and mark time, or I'll blow the head off yez intoirely. Who are yez, onyhow? (*Enter Caesar, R.*)

CAESAR. I's only a nigger what belongs on de place here.

MICK. An phat is it yez could be wantin this way? Foine toime o' night for naygurs to be out. (*Menaces negro with bayonet.*)

JOHNSON. Don't frighten him Mickey. What is your name, sir?

CAES. Caesar, sah.

JOHNSON. Caesar what?

C. Jes Caesar, sah, dat's all.

J. Well Caesar, why don't you leave that old rebel who calls himself your master, and come along with us to be a soldier?

C. Wouldn't like dat at all, sah. It am clean agin nature, sah.

J. Why so?

C. Why, you hearn about dem two dogs what fight ober de bone?

J. Yes.

C. But you don't nebber hear dat de bone fight?

J. Certainly not. What of that?

C. Why, you sees, Massa, dis chile am de bone ob contention. 'Taint fashionable for de bone to fight.

MICK. Mr. Johnson, how the divil kin ye demane yerself to hold conversation wid a dirthy naygur? Sure the black baste will git de best of yez ivery time, wid the impudence of himself.

CAES. Yah! Yah! Dat's so, but dat ain't what I come to tole yer. Dem rebels am comin ter-night shore. I heard it from a nigger what blongs on Marsa Dunbar's plantation. Col. Dunbar am comin to-night wid five hundred ferrillers. Youz better git dat Cap'n ob de company outen de parlor from young Miss and all youens git ready or dat stockade will be tuck in less'n no time. (*stoops to the ground and listens*). Dah, now, hear hosses foot plain.

JOANSON (*stooping to listen*). It is true, Mickey. Our orders are to fall back to the stockade in case of danger. Let's go by the house and warn Captain Craven. Won't you come with us, Caesar?

CAES. No sah! De bone don't fight.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT. 2. SCENE 3.—*A parlor in the house of Judge Woodford. Craven and Lenore at a table playing chess.*

LENORE. This little game is said to illustrate the science of war. Do you find it so, Captain?

CAVREN. Only in so far as they are both matters of pastime for those who move the men.

L. (*moving a piece*). Check!

C. (*confusedly*). I must lose a pawn.

L. There is no alternative. (*They make several moves, meantime enter C. D. Col. Dunbar and attendants. Dunbar stealthily approaches Craven*).

C. Your knight endangers my castle. I must move it at all hazzards. (*moves a piece*).

L. Too late, sir, (*moving a piece*) you are surrounded. Check mate! Now surrender!

DUNBAR. Surrender! (*a pistol is pointed at Craven, who throws up his hands*).

CRA. Don't! don't shoot! I surrender without conditions.

L. Ha! ha! Captain, You are doubly checkmated. Do you now not see there is strategy in chess and war?

DUN. Yankee! You must surrender that stockade. Surrender it at once, or we will carry it by assault and roast the last one of you alive.

CRA. Oh! my goodness, General, don't do that. I'll surrender everything right away.

DUN. Order your guard on the porch to put down his gun and come in. Let him not suspect. Go you (*to an attendant*) by the rear and secure the gun. (*Exit attendant R.*)

CRA. (*goes to window*). Grey! Come here, and get a dispatch for the stockade. It is important. Come instantly. Leave your gun.

DUN. Who is your second in command?

CRA. Lieutenant Dalgren.

DUN. Take a seat, sir. (*Craven sits*). Lenore, some paper. (*She brings paper, pen and ink*). Write an order to Lieut. Dalgren to march immediately with half the company down the river to the long trestle to meet Genl. Negley there at midnight to join in an expedition against the guerrillas. Sign it officially, and countersign it by order of Gen. Negley in command of the Department of Middle Tennessee. (*Craven writes*).

CRA. It is written.

DUN. And duly signed. Remember, sir, if this miscarries, we blow your brains out.

CRA. No fear but Lieut. Dalgren will obey orders. (*Enter Grey, R. Makes show of resistance when ordered to yield*). Surrender! Surrender! It's no use to fight. We are surrounded. (*Grey surrenders*).

DUN. Watch that fellow closely. Dock, (*to an attendant*) put on your Yankee toggery and take this order to the stockade. Report to me as soon as the Yankee Lieutenant starts for the trestle. (*Exit attendant*). What have you in your pocket, Captain? (*searches him*). Hello, what's this? Lenore, your scissors. (*Lenore rips lining of coat and takes forth a paper*).

LENORE. What precious document is this, cousin? The valiant Captain's commission?

DUN. (*after reading*). Why, this is the will of one Robert St. Clair, bequeathing to his niece, Ethel Dalgren, half a million of dollars. It is duly signed, sealed and attested, but does not appear to have been recorded anywhere. This precious scamp must have stolen it.

CRA. No: No! I—

DUN. (*placing will on table*). Yankee, I am lawyer enough to know that this document you carry so carefully concealed, is a genuine will, and I apprehend it is worth a great deal to you. Now, I'll surrender it back to you on one condition.

CRA. Name the condition.

DUN. Come this way. (*They converse apart in dumb show. Lenore waves small rebel flag and sings:*)

Farewell forever, old Star Spangled Banner,
No longer you'll wave o'er the land of the free,
For we have unfurled to the broad breeze of Heaven,
Thirteen bright stars 'round the palmetto tree.

DUN. (*aloud*). And you will arrange to betray General Negley's command?

CRA. Provided you return me the will and destroy that witness of my treason.

DUN. Murder my prisoner! (*Aside—No matter, I'll deceive him, and, ha! ha! tell him no lie, either.*) He shall die.

CRA. Then I am bound to you.

DUN. A bloody compact! Search that fellow. (*Attendant proceeds to search Grey. A package of letters and a photograph are taken from him and passed to Dunbar.*)

DUN. (*looking at photograph*). A Yankee girl! By Jove, what a lovely face! When we take the war home to the Yanks, I mean to call on thnt girl; meantime, I'll keep the picture. (*As he is putting the photograph in his pocket Edwin Grey snatches the will and picture and rushes out R., closing and bolting the door. Dunbar and attendants try to open the door. Meanwhile a scuffle is heard on the porch. A gun is fired without. The door yields, a rebel soldier staggers in and falls over the threshold dead. Exeunt Dunbar and others R. Enter Mickey and Johnson L.*)

MICK. Phere the divil is the Captain? Ochone, we're all kilt intirely. (*discovers corpse of rebel soldier.*) A dead Ribbil! O, be jabbers! Phat 'll become of us! Come out of this now! (*Exeunt.*)

ACT 2. SCENE 4.—*The stockade. Alarm without. Soldiers snatch their accoutrements.*

VOICE AT THE GATE. Open!

O'GRADY. Who comes there!

VOICE. A comrade. Open quickly, I am pursued!
(*Gate opens. Enter Grey.*)

GREY. Comrades, we are basely betrayed! Craven has sold us to the Guerrillas! Where is Lieutenant Dalgren and the other men?

O'GRADY. Gone to meet General Negley at the lower bridge, by orders of the Captain.

GREY. Then he has gone to his death. Craven has betrayed him into ambush. The stockade will be stormed in a few moments!

SCHWARTZ. Der Cabptain is so tammed a coward as a dog. Ve are not so many men as to fight dem rebbels. Vat ve shall do now, Sarghent!

O'GRADY. Hold the fort against ivery odds.

SCHWARTZ. Vel, I fights so long as anybody, but I like not to fight mitout ve do some good. (*Volleys of musketry outside.*)

O'GRADY. To the port holes, ivery man av yez!

VOICE (*without*). Bloody murther, let me in! Open the gate, or I'll climb over the top av it! Let me in! Let me in! It's Mickey McGee, the Widdy Maloney's man, shot thro' the gizzard wid a cannon ball. (*Gate opens,—Mickey rushes in.*)

MICK. O, begobs! We're all kilt now intirely. The Rebels are all around us and iverybody is a prishoner. Phere is me phiskey? (*feels for canteen*). Death and tin thousand black cats, they've shot the canteen right aff the nick of meself (*Yells and firing without*).

O'GRADY. Here they come! Now, men, stiddy, and let 'em come! Shoot as soon as iver ye git aim! (*Firing, noise, confusion. O'Grady falls, wounded.*)

SCHWARTZ. Shoot so quick as you can! Dem Rebels is runnin booty soon. (*shoots*). Dot vas pishness! Hurrah! Dem Rebels ish vipped! (*Firing ceases*).

O'GRADY. It's a dyin bhy I am. O'Grady has fought his last battle. To you, Edwin Grey, I leave the command. Don't give up, me bhy, as long as there's a man alive in the fort. Arrah! but it's a sorry thing to die and be buried away from Norah and the childer.

MICK. Take comfort, man. Sure, it's for the cownthry ye're dyin, now; and the cownthry must befrind yer widdy and childer.

SCHWARTZ. So must it be, oder de gountry would not be vort to fight for.

GREY. Hark! They rally! To your posts, men! Be brave, and God defend the right! (*Yells and firing—soldiers fall one by one.*)

DUNBAR (*without*). Surrender! Your stockade is on fire! Haul down your flag!

GREY. Come and take it!

DUNBAR. Attention, batallion! Fix bayonets! Charge! (*The gate is battered down. Rebels rush into the fort and its defenders are killed or fall wounded. A number of rebels also are killed. Meanwhile Dunbar and Grey meet in sword combat, they fight over the flag—Grey falls, clutching flag to his bosom.*)

DUNBAR (*wiping his sword*). By Jehovah! he has won a soldier's grave. He deserves an honorable one. (*Rebel attempts to take flag*). Leave him his flag for a winding sheet. Spread it over his bosom: brave men honor the brave. (*Bugle notes in distance*). Hark! the signal for help! Away to triumph over the Lieutenant's party. (*Exeunt*).

ACT 2. SCENE 5.—*A forrest and river. Enter Dalgren and company, R. E., driven in by rebels and forced fighting across stage to L.*

DALG. Steady men! Close up! Charge! (*Rebels are driven across stage to R. E.*)

REBEL LIEUT. (*crossing swords with Dalg.*) Fall back men! Give way right and left! (*exeunt rebels*) Battery unmask!

DALG. Down! (*Dalgren and forces stoop,—as they do so there is a discharge of artillery, several of Lieut. Dalgren's men hit*) Close up! Come on! Give them steel! Charge the battery! (*Exeunt R. Firing is heard behind scenes, yells, discharge of artillery, etc., when re-enter Dalgren and company, driven in by the rebels.*)

REBEL LIEUT. Surrender!

DALG. Never! (*They engage in sword fight. Rebel Leader falls to his knees. Several have fallen on either side. Dalgren's sword arm is broken.*)

REBEL LIEUT. Curse their bayonets! Fall back, men, to cover!

DALG. (*waving sword with left hand*). Close up men! Unkennel the bushwhackers! (*The rebels are forced back, when enter Dunbar L. with rebel forces.*)

DUNBAR. Fire! (*a volley is discharged—Dalg. falls with several others*). Cover! (*Dunbar's forces fall back to cover*.)

DALG. Rear rank, about face! Steady front.

DUNBAR (*from cover*). Surrender! You are surrounded!

DALG. (*to a soldier near him*). Sergeant, take command. Try to cut through them to the stockade. Ah God! my wife! my child! Tell Craven to befriend them. (*dies*).

DUNBAR (*from cover*). Will you yield, or be shot down? Your stockade has been taken. You can neither fight nor retreat.

SERGT. There is no choice, then, but death or captivity. Naturally we prefer the latter. Stack arms! (*Union forces stack their guns. Meantime enter Dunbar with rebel soldiers*). To whom do we surrender? (*tending his sword*).

DUNBAR. To a detachment of Gen. Morgan's command.

SERGT. Then we expect honorable usage.

DUNBAR. We never abuse prisoners. Orderly, take the Yankee's sword. (*a non-commissioned officer receives the Sergeant's sword. The prisoners are searched and the contents of their pockets promiscuously appropriated by the rebels*).

ACT 2. SCENE 6.—*Outside the stockade. Enter Craven, R. He stoops to the ground and listens.*

CrAVEN. The firing has ceased. Dalgren is killed or captured. The rebels will return in a few moments. I must have one look into the stockade, and then hasten back to my hiding place in the forest. (*exit*).

ACT 2. SCENE 7.—*Inside stockade. Timbers burning. Union soldiers lying as they fell during the battle. Enter Craven, L.*

CrAVEN. Are they dead, all? Well, I was lucky to be out of this. That flag; I'll take it back to Vallonia, and swear I defended it to the last. (*lifts flag*). Ha! Edwin Grey! Dead! That will! that will! I must find that will! (*searches Edwin's bosom, takes forth will*). Ha! I have the precious document. Now for home and the girl. (*Exit*).

MICKEY (*rising painfully and slowly*). Ochone, but it's a mane man that, shtalin from the dead, afther gittin us all kilt by his trayzon. Och, but he's the Divil's own lawyer! (*Gray groans*). Sure, somebody is livin beside meself. Edwin, me bhy, is it livin yez are? Shpake out at once, if

ye're dead, or no. (*Crawls toward Edwin, places hand on Schwartz, dead*). Ah, Schwartz, ye'll ate no more banes. Pace to your ghost. May it fly away to Heaven before the devil knows ye're dead. Ah, begorra, if iver I git back to the Widdy Maloney, its foine tales I'll be tellin her. (*reaches Edwin*). Its blad in to death, yez are. Av I could only stop the blood, the wound is not mortal. (*stanches blood with handkerchief*.) Come out of this, me bhy, or be roasted alive. Come, lane on me, and we'll crawl outside in irely. *As they are crawling out, rebel soldiers enter.*)

REBEL. What, you are not all dead? Come out and fall in with the other prisoners. (*helps them out*).

ACT 3. SCENE 1.—*Andersonville. A number of prisoners, ragged and haggard, grouped about a dead comrade.*

FIRST PRISONER. Who is he?

SECOND PRISONER. Lord only knows. He has his parole of honor at last, whoever he may be.

THIRD PRISONER. I know his face, but cannot call his name. He is from East Tennessee, an old Belle Island prisoner, and the boys he was captured with have all gone before him to the grave yard. (*Enter Wirtz, R. E.*)

WIRTZ. Der dead house is full, and dere is no room for more. Dis poddy must wait and pe perried to-morrow or der next tay. Brizners, I speaks mit you like a rent. Der Yankee government vill not exchange for you, never. Peast Putler vill not gif brizner for brizner under der old ear el. He thinks not that one Yankee brizner is wort one rebel brizner, und py tam I think so, too. Vell, dere is no hope for exchange. (*baying of hounds is heard*) You hear dem togs? Better you try to get to Hefen mitout de leave, as run away from de brizon while I have de charge of it. Dere is but one chance for you, and that is the Oat or All giance. Will you take it?

PRISONERS. Never!

WIRTZ. Den starve in brizon and die mit de rat!

1ST PRIS. The Rebelhon is on its last legs. You have robbed the cradle and the grave for recruits, and now you want us prisoners to enlist in your army, but we will never do it.

WIRTZ. Den die and pe tammed. (*shoots—prisoner falls*) Py Jove, I does more goot here than ten regiment at the front. (*Exit R.*)

ACT 3. SCENE 2.—*A prison cell. Edwin Grey and Mickey McGee in close confinement.*

GREY. Four long and dreary months—four months of living death in this hell. Dead to the world: alive only to the keen pangs of starvation. Home, friends, mother! Ah, Mickey, I had the best mother in the world.

MICK. Cheer up, me bhy. Don't shpake of it. Cheer up. We'll be exchanged by and by, I'm thinkin.

G. Exchange! Parole! I've listened to the music of those words, and after each disappointment have hoped again, and hoped on till of late despair seems to have taken right hold of my heart, and a pain as of death seems to be lodged there. It will not go away, tho' I've tried my best to banish it.

M. Sure lad, the pain is not in your heart, but the stomach, jist. If it was not for the wee bit of tobaccy phat the naygur gave me, I'd fale that same pain meself. Cheer up, an try to be a man. Sure, we'll git out o' this some foine day, or why did we escape so many scrapes alridy?

G. I've often thought of that. Why were we left alive, when so many brave men were shot down? I think sometimes the Lord intended we should escape to tell the story of that man Craven's treachery.

M. Now, indade, ye make me sick at the stomick. It was a sorry day for us all when he took charge of the company. It was as foine a company as iver marched to battle, and the likes of O'Grady for a Sarghint was niver sane in the worrild before, and Liftenant Dalgren was as good an officer as iver stood on two shanks. Maybe the mane decavin villain phat betrayed us all is even now at this minit makin love to Miss Ethel, tellin her all sorts of decateful stories.

O. Forbear, Mickey! Say no more. That thought is poison to me. I cannot endure to hear you mention the name of John Dalgren's daughter in the same breath with that of the wretch who betrayed her father to his death.

M. Be aizy, lad. Don't walk about so woild-like. Sure, the naygur will be afther bringin us our two pieces of bread soon. Ah, begobs, if I was jist back to the Widdy Maloney, I'd be contint. She was a mild shpoken woman, once in a while, jist, and an angel altogether—to fry eggs.

I moind well the dinner she gave the Praste that day his riverance came to didicate the big chapel. I moind well the illegant shoat that sat in the dish fernenst his riverance, wid the brown little praties all round it. Och, but the rickerlection of that same makes me mouth wather intirely. Murther, why don't the black naygur come wid our bits of bread.

G. Mickey, let's make one more effort to escape. We have tried twice. The third time is said to be the charm.

M. Upon me soul an that's no lie. We've twice tried and are close locked up for that same, but I'm wid ye, me bhly, for a third trial; how will we manage it?

G. Overpower the jailer and lock him securely gagged in the cell.

M. And thin walk out as bould as two bricks, and whin we git a shtart shtrike out for the swamps of the Oemulgee. But here comes the naygur wid our rations. (*Enter negro with two small pieces of bread and a twist of tobacco.*)

NEGRO. Done brung yer rations, Massa Grey, an here am a twist of bacca for the outlandish gen'l'man.

M. Upon me word, I belave ye've a soul in yez, if yez are a naygur.

N. To be shore dis chile got a soul in 'im. You spose de good Lawd make a man and not put a soul in 'im?

G. We prisoners have always found the whitest souls under the darkest skins. They are our best friends.

N. Yah! we knows. De great day of jubilee am comin'! We'se bin a waitin for it, and singin for it an prayin for it.

G. Could you not help us to escape?

N. Shore, I can.

M. Thin do it, bedads, an I'll say ye've a soul as big as a barn door.

G. How will you help us?

N. Well, yer see, dey are gwine to hab a big blow-out at de jailer's house ter-night, for his youngest gal am gwine ter git married. De jailer will be shore to git on a tare like he done las' year when his toder gal got married, an he will be stone blin' drunk as a loon. Den when de moon begins to rise I'll steal de keys outen de drawer an onlock you out.

G. But how will we keep the hounds from trailing us?

N. Jes do like de oder niggers do, an you'll spile de scent. I'll fetch you a hump o' sassifetida. Jes rub dat on youself when you is gone a short distance, an you'll spile de scent so de hounds will lose de trail.

VOICE (*without*). Hurry up, you rascal, or I'll be after you with a black snake!

N. Comin, Massa; right now, Massa.

G. For God's sake, do not fail us to-night!

N. Don't be fraid. I'll do what I says I'll do. (*Exit negro.*)

M. Phat the divil does he mean now by a black snakes?

G. Oh, a whip, I suppose.

M. Murtheration. Phat a counthry, phere they bate a naygur gintleman wid a black snakes.

ACT 3. SCENE 3.—*A forest. Time: night. Baying of hounds in the distance. Enter Negro stealthily. He stoops, listens, and then beckons R.*

NEGRO. Come on! Come on! (*Enter Grey and Mickey. They pass over the stage. Afterwards enter Wirtz and rebels—they pass across stage. Then re-enter Negro, Grey and Mickey.*) Make haste now, an spile de trail. Gimme dat oder foot. Rub him in well. (*Rubs assafetida on Grey, Mickey and himself.*) Dar, now, dat's nough. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT 4. SCENE 1.—*Indiana. Room in a farm house. Widow Dalgren and Ethel.*

WIDOW. I would not say one word, Ethel, to influence you in this matter, but it is my duty to explain our position so that you will have a clear conception of the embarrassments which surround us. One question, however, you should answer, and I know you will do so with frankness. What are your feelings towards Captain Craven? Do you love him?

ETHEL. I do not. I am grateful to him for his kindness to us and for his goodness to father when wounded, but I do not think of him in any other sentiment than friendship.

WIDOW. Friendship is generally more lasting than love. Listen, Ethel. The notes your father extended to Captain Craven has been due for some time, but he has never de-

manded payment. He might have pressed those notes, and as he holds a mortgage, could have sold our home. Your father's letter, written in his dying hour, conjures us to place confidence in Captain Craven as his best friend and true comrade, who sought his body on the scene of that fearful ambuscade, and administered to him when mortally wounded. Under such obligations to him it would seem no easy matter to lightly reject his proposal.

ETHEL. I—I am not ungrateful, but I—I do not want to marry Captain Craven.

W. Then I will not urge you to a distasteful match, but as your mother, let me advise you to think seriously on this important subject.

E. I am sure, mother, you know what is best. I will think of it.

W. Do not suppose, Ethel, that I want to dictate to you. I only wish you to please yourself. You need give no answer to his proposal until you have considered the matter well. (*Exit Widow.*)

E. The wishes of my mother have always been to me as sacred as her commands. It is evident she thinks it best for me to accept this proposal; but if I marry Captain Craven, would I ever be able to forget Edwin Grey? Would not his face always haunt my remembrance, and charge me with being false to my own heart. There is a fierce pain in the very thought of this. Besides, I fear Captain Craven is not all he seems. But I must not speak or think thus. It is sheer ingratitude. Men should be judged by their actions, and the acts of Captain Craven have always shown him to be our friend. He has placed us under the most sacred obligations by his kindness to father. What is my duty? Mother wants me to marry him, and for her sake and the sake of my dead father, I will trust him, though my heart breaks with its wild struggles. (*Weeps. A rapping at the door. Ethel dries her tears and admits Craven. He takes her hand and comes forward.*)

CRAVEN. I leave to-morrow for the front. I shall probably never see you again, but ere I go give me an answer. Pledge me your troth, and if I fall on the battle field, I shall have in death the happiness to know that one true heart cherishes my memory.

E. Captain Craven, you have my esteem. My heart has long been given to another.

C. But that one is, alas! no more. He died as many others must yet die—for the country. He was my friend, my comrade in arms, and in his sacred memory I would offer to befriend and protect you. Will you send me away with a feeling that you despise me—reject me—scorn my friendship?

E. I do not despise or scorn, but I have only friendship to offer.

C. I ask no more. The memory of Edwin shall be sacred to me as to you. Only give me your promise and I shall be content.

E. I dare not answer now. I am not ungrateful, but I—I must have time to think.

C. Ethel, you are cruel. I must go without a hope, and I shall seek death in battle as the only relief from your scorn.

E. I scorn you not. I scorn only to be an ingrate. Take my promise, if you will.

C. Let it be given at the altar tomorrow. I will but kiss your hand, and march to the front, and I shall not return to claim my bride until the war is ended, and our country is saved.

E. Let it be as you say, and now I beseech you leave me.

C. You will meet me at the altar then to-morrow, (*he takes her hand*).

E. To-morrow, if I am living, I will meet you there.

C. Till then, adieu! (*Exit*).

E. To-morrow! ah, me! I fear 'twill be but the beginning of many a sad tomorrow. My heart is filled with foreboding of I know not what, (*sits partly reclining on sofa, hands clasped in attitude of prayer, sobs convulsively. The curtain falls, and after a brief interval of sad music rises, disclosing a tableau in which Ethel appears asleep and unpleasantly dreaming, while in the background the vision of her deceased father is shown, with uniform torn, his arm shot away and blood stains on his face. He points with a broken sword to the crouching figure of Craven, whose left hand is outstretched as if to grasp*

Ethel, while his right hand, holding a flag, is placed so as to screen his face from detection.)

E. (*starting from sleep as the vision vanishes*). What a fearful dream! my father!

ACT 4. SCENE 2.—*Room in farm house. Widow Dalgren and Ethel.*

WIDOW. Look not so sad, Ethel. It is true marriage is a fearful responsibility, but I know you will make a happy wife. A good daughter must needs become a good wife.

ETHEL. Ah, mother, if I had not given my promise, or could retract it!

W. But it is too late to think of that now.

E. Alas! my heart is heavy. You know not how it has been aching since yesterday. The moment my promise was given, I felt somehow that I had done wrong. I strove against the feeling, but it overcame me in spite of my struggles. At length, exhausted, I sank to sleep, but my forebodings only assumed a more vivid appearance in my dreams. Methought, I saw my father, not as when he marched away to the war, but with uniform torn and blood-stained. His arm was gone and there was blood dripping from a wound in his face. He frowned sternly upon me, and pointed a broken sword at the form of a man cowering away from him, and I seemed to hear the voice of my father thrill with wrath, as he said, "*Beware of the traitor!*" That fearful warning rings yet in my ears. What does the vision mean, mother?

W. It was only your feverish imagination. There is no truth in dreams.

E. This one had such an appearance of reality, was so vivid, and the face of my father seemed so stern and his voice so dreadful, as he uttered the words, "*Beware of the traitor,*" that it was long before I could believe it was only a dream. Alas! if it was a warning, it has come too late! (*A knocking at the door*).

W. The company has arrived. Come, let us meet them in the parlor. (*Exeunt R.*)

ACT 4. SCENE 3.—*A parlor. A table decorated as an altar. Craven and Ethel with hands joined. Minister and company.*

MINISTER. If any man knows just cause or impediment, why these two persons, Hugh Craven and Ethel Dalgren, should not be joined in holy wedlock, let him speak now or ever afterwards hold his peace. Wilt thou, Hugh Craven, have this woman, Ethel Dalgren, to be thy lawful wife; wilt thou love, comfort and cherish her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only to her, so long as you both shall live. Dost thou promise this in the presence of Almighty—*(A noise at the door).*

VOICE. Stthop that now! *(Enter Mickey, supporting Edwin Grey, followed by Negro, R.)*

MICKEY. Here is a gentleman phat would spake wid yez av he can find the voice av himself.

CrAVEN. Let the ceremony proceed.

MINISTER. It cannot proceed until the cause of this interruption is known. Speak, sir!

GREY. I come to denounce Hugh Craver as a traitor, a murderer and a coward. He sold his command in my presence to the enemy, betrayed Lieut. Dalgren into an ambuscade and caused his death. I denounce this man Hugh Craver as a thief. He has stolen a will under which Ethel Dalgren inherits a fortune. He keeps that will now concealed and designs to claim the fortune after this unholy marriage.

C. Finish the ceremony, we have no time now to bandy words with a mad man.

M. Then it's soon ye'll have toime to bandy words wid the Judge Advocate. I've ordhers to arrist yez and be jame, I'll be doin that same in spite of yeself, *(Mickey seizes Craven)*. It's a foine charge and a full yard of specifications ye'll have to answer at headquarters, an' if yez get off unhangd, me name's not the Widdy Malony's husband. *(Grey and Ethel shakes hands. Craven glares upon them and tries to break loose from Mickey)*.

M. *(leading Craven off)*. Come along wid yez. The traitor's doom is death.

MINISTER. And such be the doom of all traitors.

ACT 5. SCENE 1.—*A field. Tents in the distance. Beat of muffled drum behind scenes R., and tramp of funeral procession slowly approaching. After a few seconds, the command is heard Column Left March!* when enter 2 R. E. officer of the day, with guard conducting Craven to execution. Near 2 L. E., the officer of the day faces about and gives command, *Halt!*

SERGT. OF GUARD. Halt! Front face!

O. D. Retire from the prisoner.

S. Guards to the rear, two paces! march! right dress! order arms! parade rest! (*These movements being executed, Craven stands alone near C. of stage, facing officer of the day.*)

O. D. (*taking from belt a paper reads*).

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
May 5th, 1864. }

The proceedings, findings and sentence of the court martial in the case of Hugh Craven, late Captain, U. S. Volunteers, having been submitted to the President of the United States have been approved by him. It is therefore ordered that Hugh Craven be shot to death at the head of his coffin on the 5th day of June, 1864, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock a. m. A detail of eight men and a sergeant from the 40th Regiment of Regular Infantry will, under command of a captain as officer of the day of said regiment, execute the said sentence according to the letter and purport of the same. By order of

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major General.

F. A. DALTON, A. A. G.

Prisoner, you have heard the sentence, which it is our painful duty to execute. Your hour is at hand! We would gladly extend you any favor consistent with our duty. Have you a last request to make.

Craven. None! The day for supplication is past and I feel only contempt for these funeral horrors and the solemn wording of that warrant, with which you would terrify me into confession. The victim of a flimsy conspiracy, and an ignorant court martial, I scorn both judge and executioner. Curse them all! May fire and sword eat into the heart of the North! May the Union cause go down in blood! May Yankee skulls bleach unburied on Southern battle fields! May the flesh and blood of Union men rot into the soil of rebel prisons, and may helpless cripples fill

Northern homes, supplicating charity at the hands of avarice.

O. D. The curse of a dying traitor recoil on your own soul! The cause you have betrayed will triumph. The bones of Union soldiers will not bleach in the sun, but rest in honored graves, and the cripples of the war will never need to supplicate charity, for they will receive justice at the hands of a grateful nation.

C. Time will give the lie to your prophesy. May the curse of innocent blood cling to you all forever!

O. D. Sergeant, conduct the prisoner to the place of execution.

S. Attention, guard! carry arms! forward two paces! left face! forward march! (*Exeunt 2nd L. E., slow beat of muffled drum behind scenes L., as curtain descends*).

ACT 5. SCENE 2.—*A parlor in house of Widow Dalgren. Enter Widow and Captain Grey.*

GREY. No clue to the stolen will, no confession whatever could be wrung from Craven. He died as he had lived a villain to the last.

WIDOW. His unrepenting perfidy forbids all pity.

G. I had an interview with him the day before his execution and in the approaching shadows of his fearful doom, besought him to place me in possession of the will. He gnashed his teeth at me and hissed: "That will, sir, is a handful of ashes. Ethel Dalgren will never enjoy the fortune of her uncle."

W. Then he has burned the will and there remains no hope of establishing Ethel's claim. She can bring you no dower, Captain Grey, except a loving heart.

G. I ask none other. I care nothing for the fortune. Let its loss be no bar to your consent.

W. You certainly have my full and free consent. Love without money is far better than money without love. (*Door bell rings.*) I must leave you now to answer a call at the door, meanwhile make yourself at home. (*Exit Widow C. D.*)

G. I'm the happiest fellow in the universe, about to be married to the girl I've loved since I was a school boy, (*crosses to R. E., and stands looking*). Ah! there she

comes. I'll go to meet her where the flowers and song birds will lend enchantment to our mutual vows. (*Exit Grey, R. E. Enter, Mickey, C. D.*)

MICKEY. Has Cupid run clane off wid him? Sure, the Widdy Dalgrane tould me I'd foind him here. (*crosses to R. E., and looks out*). Phat the divil does he mane now pokin' his face in the young lady's bonnet? Arrah, na pogue! that was love among the roses anyhow. But it's not the fashion of the ould country to be watchin' a young couple sparkin'. (*Goes to lower corner of room, R., and looks at a picture on the wall.*) Ochone! The picture of Liffenant Dalgrane. A betther man never tasted salt. It's a consolation anyhow to know that the villain who betrayed ye is at the prisint moment squarin' accounts wid his own law partner, the divil. (*Enter R., Grey and Ethel. They do not observe Mickey.*)

G. I suppose I must submit, but tell me Ethel why you wish to postpone our marriage an entire week.

ETHEL. Oh, there can be no harm in a little delay.

G. A little delay. Why it seems an age. A whole week.

E. The time will quickly pass. Besides, we promised our mutual friend, Mickey, that he should be present at the wedding.

G. True, but his furlough was signed with mine and I expect him here next Sunday. Will you not consent that the wedding shall be the day of his arrival.

E. If you insist on that day, yes!

G. Then it is an agreement.

E. A bargain.

M. (*coming forward*). Wid a livin' witness to the same.

G. Ha! ha! welcome, Sergeant! you are fairly captured, Ethel. I insist on the day.

E. But this was a trick. You cannot fairly hold me to my bargain.

M. Upon me worrid, Miss Ethel, the Captain was innocent of my presence altogether, and not accessory to the thrick, which was no thrick at all, but just as it happened intirely. I hold yez both to the bargain.

E. Then I see no escape from it.

G. (*taking Mickey's hand*). You are more than welcome, Sergeant, for coming so opportunely to my aid.

M. Yis, I thought yez would be nading support in the tribulations and trials of courtship, so I hurried away whin the execution was over, and instead of goin' round by Cincinnati, to visit relashuns I posted on straight afther yez, stoppin' in Vallonia jist long enough to attend to a bit of business, and it's a foine wedding prisint I've brought out along wid meself. (*Takes from his bosom a parcel done up in a green silk handkerchief*).

E. You will bring Mrs. Magee with you to the wedding I hope, for you are no longer married against your will if I hear aright.

M. Faith, ye may well say that now. It's reconciled, now, I am intirely to the Widdy Malony and her seven childer likewise. Arrah! but I missed her coaxin' ways and gintale bohrding house down at Andersonville (*begins to undo parcel*). This was the Widdy Malony's prisint to meself, *displays handkerchief*) illigant enough for the nose of St. Pathrick (*removes handkerchief and presents parchment with seals*), and here is my wedding prisint to yez both, me childer. (*Enter Mrs. Dalgreen, followed by negro*).

G. What! the stolen will!

W. (*taking the parchment*). Ethel's fortune saved!

M. The same, I'm thinkin'.

G. How and where did you get it? Craven told me he had burned it.

M. He tould me the same lie and stuck to it altogether until he saw the coffin foreninst his nose. Thin, sez I, it's but foive minutes life ye have now by the ordherly's watch. Spake out an' aze yer soul. Phere is the will. Spake, man. Hell is worse than purgathory. He was moighty pale like. He looked up at the sun and then down at his coffin, and into the grave beside him. Ye've no time to waste man, spake out! It will be the betther for yez on the long journey. Thin; he fell on his knees and called to the Lord for mercy. Confess, says I. Phere is the stolen will! and at the last moment he gasped out his confession and tould me phere I'd foind the will, concealed behind the wainscot of his office in Vallonia.

W. Most faithful friend! how can we ever reward you.

M. Azy enough, Widdy, azy enough! all the reward I'd iver be askin' is to witness a weddin', av its convanient to the young folks.

W. (*joining hands of Ethel and Edwin*). May love and truth abide in your wedded life. You have a mother's blessing, my children!

M. And ye have my blessin' altogether, wid also I trust the kind approval of these friends of "A Comrade's Luck."

(*Disposition of characters at fall of curtain.*)

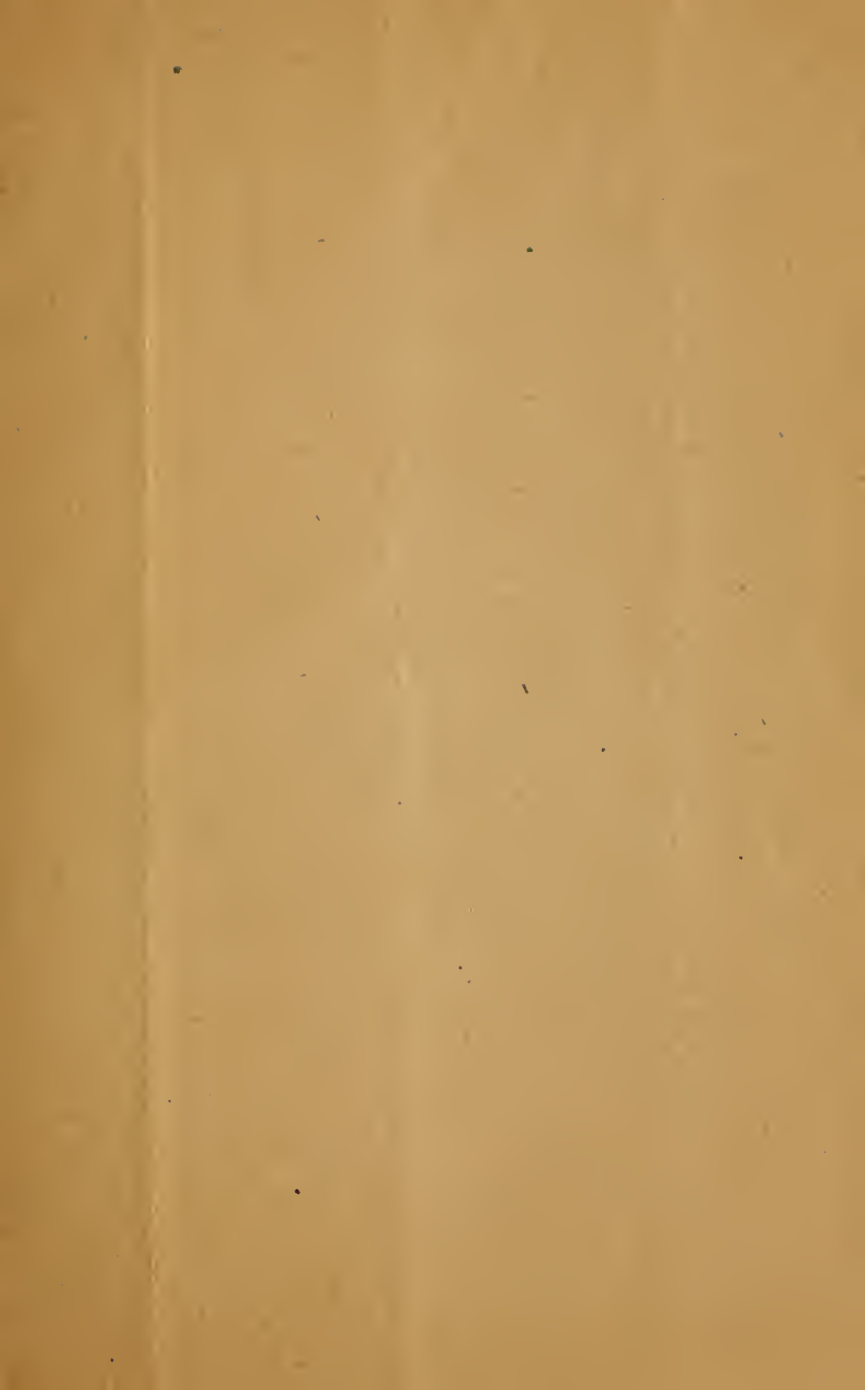
NEGRO.

EDWIN.

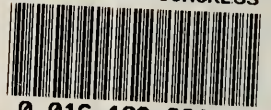
ETHEL.

WIDOW.

MICKEY.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 291 8